PACIFIC Theological Seminary
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Reading Room

THE PACIFIC

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THINK OF THE LEADER!

The road is through dolor and dread, over crags and morasses;
There are shapes by the way, there are things that appall or entice us;
What odds? We are knights; and our souls are but bent on the riding.

We spur to a land of no name, out-racing the storm-wind;
We leap to the infinite dark like sparks from the anvil:
Thou leadest, O God! All's well with Thy troopers that follow.

—Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE PACIFIC

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The Rev. Dr. George Adam Smith of Glasgow, Scotland, and the Hon. James Bryce, Minister from the Court of St. James, to the United States, are announced to give the Earle lectures in Pacific Theological Seminary next year.

During the absence of the Rev. Dr. Adams of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco, the pulpit will be occupied by the Rev. Edward E. Braithwaite of West Somerville, Massachusetts, the Rev. Dr. R. A. Beard of Fargo, North Dakota, and the Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose. The first named will have the first four Sundays, the second the succeeding five, and the other the last six.

Last week we inadvertently referred to Elijah Parish Lovejoy's printing office at Alton, Illinois, and its destruction in the early years of the anti-slavery conflict, as that of Owen Lovejoy. The two were brothers. Both strongly and heroically condemned slavery. On November the 7th, 1837, Elijah Parish, the elder, was shot by pro-slavery men who for the fourth time had attacked with intent to destroy his printing establishment at Alton, from which he launched thunderbolts at the inhuman institution. His brother Owen nine years his junior, was with him when he was killed. Both have passed into history as noted abolitionists.

That fine article concerning the Trotter evangelistic meetings in San Francisco, in The Pacific last week, was written by the Rev. S. C. Patterson, pastor of Bethany Church, whose name was accidentally omitted. The editor recalls here the experiences and remark of a minister who went one winter to take charge of a church in a locality where wood was used for fires. He had been accustomed to coal, and had trying experiences with the fires—especially so when pastoral work called him away frequently from his room. One day he remarked humorously that he never went out without his fire going out also. An editor who has to give the supervision to the make-up and printing of his paper, which the present writer has to give to The Pacific, never gets away without something getting away also from his paper. There is no work requiring more careful and painstaking supervision than that done in a printing office.

The Rev. George H. Lee, who was pastor of one of the Congregational churches of Seattle for ten years, has returned to that city—or rather to its important and populous suburb, Ballard. Not, however, as a Congregational minister, but as a Presbyterian, having been engaged to supply for a time the Presbyterian pulpit at Ballard. Mr. Lee has been for several years in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Ohio. The Rev. Dwight Mallory Pratt, pastor of the Walnut Hills Congregational Church, Cincinnati, wrote concerning him in a recent number of the Herald and Presbyter: "Mr. Lee is a student of the Word, having by inheritance and self-discipline the instincts and tastes of a scholar. He is evangelical in doctrine and evangelistic in purpose and spirit. His pronounced conservatism is vital and spiritual rather than formal and dogmatic, genial and fraternal rather than controversial. His preaching is biblical, witnessing with fidelity and scholarly strength to the great redemptive truths of the gospel. His personal ideals in the religious life, his love for children, his devotion to the spiritual welfare of his people, make him a pastor of exceptional influence and skill. He is gifted with sympathy and pastoral insight and affection. The ministry of such a man in these days of secular tendencies and ambitions is a benediction to any church and community." A graduate from Williams College and Hartford Theological Seminary, with many years of Congregational ministerial experience, The Pacific is hoping that some one of our Congregational churches on the coast will lay hands on Mr. Lee and bring him again into our fellowship. The Presbyterians have always had and are likely to retain his three brothers—the Rev. E. Trumbull Lee, D. D., LL.D., now of Pittsburg; the Rev. Lewis Earle Lee of Cincinnati, and the Rev. Wallace Howe Lee of Seattle. Elsewhere in this issue of The Pacific will be found a fine poem written by Mrs. George H. Lee a few weeks ago for the Herald and Presbyter.

Among the highly significant victories in the battle against the saloon is that in DeKalb county, Indiana. There are in the county four towns of considerable size, one of them a division point on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. These towns vary in population from 2,500 to 5,000 and have among their inhabitants many railroad and factory men. The first of the year they had about forty saloons. Today they have none. We have from a friend in one of them the following concerning the campaign in Garrett, the division point on the B. & O., about one hundred and fifty miles east of Chicago: "This city, with its mixed population and its fourteen saloons, seemed almost invulnerable. Here the saloons by ordinance have been confined to two wards. The officials of the railroad were a power here to be reckoned with. The city for a number of years has been noted for the great loss of life of its citizens, caused by wrecks on the railroad. It was believed that much of this loss of life and property was caused by drunkenness of railroad employes; so, when solicited, these officials gave hearty aid to help eradicate the saloon. One rather amusing incident occurred in relation to the boasted personal liberty so much talked by liquor men. An engineer had been sick for some time and drew a weekly allowance, while unable to labor. When the campaign commenced this man was able to walk around some, so he took cards and solicited signers to the remonstrance . When the saloon men learned this they wrote a scorching letter to headquarters, declaring this man had become strong and able for duty, as he was now circulating a remon-

strance to put them out of their lawful and respectable business, and therefore demanded that he be ordered to report for duty on the road at once. The answer soon came back that this was the best work they ever knew him to do, and so long as he continued in it he should not be molested."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

There are in Los Angeles about 33,000 church members.

Fifty manufacturing and wholesale business houses in the city of Springfield, Ohio, petitioned the legislature of that state for the county local option bill which was passed a few weeks ago by that body.

The San Francisco Presbytery voted recently that "in view of the protests of the Congregationalists of San Mateo and Burlingame we postpone the establishment of a Presbyterian church in the vicinity at present."

The Rev. Dr. M. R. Drury, who came from the East last year to take the pastorate of the United Brethren Church in Oakland, writes encouragingly in The Religious Telescope of Christian work hereabouts. We quote a paragraph: "In the realm of Christian faith and service, there is also an encouraging side here. While we hear a great deal about the dishonesty, the pleasure-seeking, and general worldliness prevalent in this land, the conditions are not wholly bad, or without promise of improvement. The churches and other moral forces here have the same fight against the world, the flesh and the devil that is going on elsewhere, and besides they have the influence of the climate to contend with. Tourists and others are much inclined to spend the Sabbath in the parks and at beach resorts. This makes the work of the church not only hard, but often of uncertain fruitage; and yet church-work here is carried on with a great deal of earnestness and success. One pastor, who has filled prominent pulpits in the East, and who now has a flourishing church in one of our most prosperous and enterprising coast cities, has recently declared by way of comparison: 'This is the easiest place of all in which to do religious work. I have never anywhere else found church affairs with so ready a go as they have here. In spite of the boom and the bustle and the whirl of prosperity during the past decade, the people are religiously inclined. They come to church and to the prayer meeting, and take hold of everything with a will.' That is an inspiring testimony, and while it is no doubt in a measure exceptional, yet Christian work here has as loyal and as capable representatives in the pulpit and in the pew as are to be found anywhere. If there is here a strong worldliness, there is also a strong and vigorous Christianity combating it and seeking to overcome it."

THE FORWARD MOVEMENT IN FOREIGN MISSIONS AT LOS ANGELES.

The following resolutions were adopted at the Laymen's Missionary Movement meeting in Los Angeles last week:

"1. That we recommend that the churches of Los Angeles undertake to increase their yearly foreign missionary offerings from $46,000 to $200,000 as soon as possible and that the minimum per capita offering for this purpose be fixed at $5.20 per year, or 10 cents per week, as an ideal to be realized at the earliest possible moment. That each denomination and congregation be urged to meet at an early date and assume its full share of this total amount and that we pledge our united efforts and prayers to the realization of this objective.

"2. That every congregation in Los Angeles be requested to appoint at once a missionary committee of from three to fifteen men to promote intelligence on this subject and to organize and conduct a personal canvas of all members and adherents for personal subscriptions to the work of foreign missions.

"3. That the committee of fifty, appointed by the Church Federation of Los Angeles to prepare for and supervise the series of meetings now being held for the advancement of the laymen's missionary movement in this city, be continued as a permanent committee for the purpose of co-operating with and stimulating each congregation and denomination to participate actively, intelligently and zealously in the effort to evangelize the whole world in this generation."

PULPIT PARAGRAPHS.

Chas. R. Brown.

The Man Who Found Himself.

I will ask you to go with me on a voyage of discovery. Many of you have been before, but you will go again, for you like the route. Some of you have never been—you are like Columbus on the deck of the Pinta, as you face west. There are whole continents of new experience lying yonder beyond your horizon, broad, rich, beautiful, on which you have never set foot. I would venture the hope and the prayer that for some soul who reads these words this may be the year 1492. The old world you know, but you need the wider spaces and the inexhaustible treasures of a new world.

I am saying this in parables. The voyage of discovery I would have you make is not an affair of geography. It cannot be accomplished by covering a certain number of miles. It concerns itself entirely with the relating of the elements of one's life to a definite, commanding purpose, and with the organizing of that life as a whole with other lives in that society, human and divine, where it is only a part.

You know Kipling's story about the ship that found herself. A handsome young woman, the daughter of the owner, had broken a bottle of champagne on the strong, straight bow of the ship. She was walking about the decks just before the vessel was to sail upon the first voyage, under escort of the old captain. "She's a real ship, isn't she?" the girl cried in her eager joy. "She's not so bad," the skipper replied with characteristic Scotch caution, "but it takes more than a christening to make a ship. She's just iron and rivets and plates, wood and ropes and sail, put into the form of a ship now. The parts have not learned to work together—they have had no chance. She has to find herself yet." And then to the experienced ear of the skipper the parts of the ship began to talk to each other, and when a hard storm came and she weathered the gale the ship found herself—the parts learned to work together, bearing the strain together, part relieving part, in splendid fulfillment of the purpose of her builder.

The same principle holds true with men. Here is a human being. He is twenty-one years old, six feet high, and he weighs a hundred and seventy-five pounds when you put him on the scales. He is all there, so far as flesh and blood and bones go toward making a man. But the parts have not learned to work together. He has not related the various elements in his own life to any dominant purpose; he has not organized himself in that society, visible and invisible, which is like the sea and the air to the ship, where he must stand. The man, if he is to be a man, must find himself.

The detached life is a lost life. The little child crying on the street because she is separated from her own loved ones and her natural habitat, is a lost child. The man who was meant to be a public-spirited citizen, a helpful factor in the community, a child of God, living in filial relations with the Almighty, but who remains a mere pleasure seeker, a mere money-getter, one ruled by the habit of self-indulgence, is alrady a lost man; he is separated from his proper associations and his natural habitat. He need not wait for the judgment day—his detachment shows that he is lost now.

"He that saveth his life," holding it apart, keeping it self-centered, maintaining an unsympathetic attitude toward the evils and problems of his day, refusing the calls to service, "shall lose it." He that saveth his life, by shutting it off from the appeal of God's word, allowing that message to go unread, by denying it that sense of communion which comes by prayer, by refusing that feeling of co-operation in a divine plan which springs from the obedience which is by faith, shall lose it—to take that course is not to live, but to die, for the detached life is already a lost life.

To invest the life worthily—that was the Master's word, "for my sake"—is to find it. There is nothing more glorious in life than to take your place in society, accepting without a whimper your share of the load and the grind, bearing patiently whatever annoyance may come through the oddities and limitations of your fellows, facing all the while full and straight upon some goal high enough up and far enough away not to be readily attained, and then in that freedom from self-consciousness which comes by such devotement, do your own best in making contribution to the larger good. This is life, it is life eternal! This is the pathway to that peace which passeth understanding! This is to attain that joy which no man taketh from you!

GLIMPSES OF THE CROW INDIAN RESERVATION.

Lotta Allen Meacham, Washington, Iowa.

A knock sounded at my door. I answered sleepily, and the hotel porter shouted at the thin panels:

"Train goes in thirty minutes." It was two o'clock in the morning, and I rubbed my heavy eyes, longing for another nap, and little caring what was in store for me.

Necessity is a merciless taskmaster, however, and at last I found myself on the train. The porter assured me that he would not forget, and lured on by the monotonous cadences of the surrounding passengers, who seemed to prefer sleeping aloud, I got a two-minute, refreshing nap.

The train slackened, the porter led the way to the lower step of the coach, and I was lifted bodily down some three feet on to a slack dump.

"All aboard!" And alone in the darkness I groped my way toward the swaying lantern of the station agent.

All about the hills crept in to close range and the dense darkness wrapped me in friendly embrace. Above the stars shone as clear and bright and calm as in bygone days, when they looked down upon the camps of the red man, his war dances, feasts and carnages.

The station was a little, square building on the prairie, the only sign of civilization intruding itself upon the Indian. Inside it was dark except for the gleam of the lantern through the high railing partly shutting off the inner office. The noisy sleep of the care-free laboring man greeted my ears, and as the lamp was brought out, I saw the three other occupants of the tiny room railroad men waiting for their morning shift, stretched out in luxurious comfort.

My friends were a good half-mile away, and did not know of my coming, but the real Western man is as knightly as those of story-book fame, and under extraordinary conditions is too chivalrous to be disappointing. Indian history had an added charm with such an environment, something of a touch of real life.

Morning came on clear and bright, and I walked the platform watching the changing hills and fading shadows. It was not hard to imagine that an Indian might be lurking behind the tree or knoll longing for my scalp. Not many years ago the surrounding hills and ravines were the scenes of many a bloody encounter between hostile tribes, or the silent witness of many a sudden on-rush on an unsuspecting immigrant train.

With the broadening day breakfast began to demand attention, only to find that there was no place to get an edible one, when lo, the good-hearted station agent appeared with a tray from his bachelor quarters above, and with the ticket window for a table, I enjoyed a refreshing meal. It was the Western spirit of kindness and hospitality, unadulterated and natural. The only remuneration permitted was an honest "thank you" and the assurance that the kindness would be passed on whenever opportunity offered.

As the sun was topping the hills and peeping down into the valleys, making the autumn foliage gorgeous with indescribable brilliancy, Rev. Mr. Petzoldt, in charge of the Baptist mission at Lodge Grass, together with his little daughter, Genevieve, piloted me across the fields, over the fields, over the irrigating ditches, and under barbed wire fences, to his home.

Although it was still early, from every direction Indian children were coming to the mission day school. They all rode on horseback, sticking to the saddle or the bare backs of their ponies as if glued to the spot. Some of the boys were riding in one stirrup or cutting capers worthy of a skilled circus rider. As one after another passed, their hats and caps came off with a more or less distinct "good morning," a shy smile, and a curious look at the stranger.

"This little girl," the missionary said, as she galloped past us, "rides four miles every day to come to school. She is about seven years old as near as we can find out, and she has not missed a day this year." One by one he told their names and bits of their history. Lizzie Riseup and Porter Knows-the-Gun were typical, brown-faced Indian children. Carson Yellow Tail was one of the largest and best of the boys. "He does all of the tinting for our Indian calendars at Christmas

time" Mr. Petzoldt said as we passed him, "and it is quite a job."

The home of these faithful people is an artistic log cabin nestling among the wild trees along the river with high, steep hills in the background. The front room is spacious and comfortable, with a fireplace and reading tables, the Indian council room. The schoolhouse nearby, a modern frame building, has many advantages for the Indian children. Miss Hicks, a Cherokee Indian girl, is doing faithful, earnest work as teacher.

On Sunday morning the five church members met in the council room for a prayer meeting service, which was solemn and sincere. An interpreter changed the thought from one language to the other, as occasion demanded, and the timid testimonies, "I am glad my heart is good, "I love Jesus and I am glad I am in the Jesus road," were devout, and seemed to come from true Christian hearts.

The afternoon service was held in the schoolroom and was attended by most of the Indians of the community. Indians in blankets, squaws with papooses on their backs, children wearing elk-tooth dresses, all ages, all kinds of costumes, all manner of beads, bracelets and trappings, all degrees of dirt and filth, with plentiful touches of stylish paint,—a motley crowd, an interesting spectacle, with dozens upon dozens of dogs to complete the picture, gathered for the service. More than one buck carried an old tin can, his private cuspidor, brought into use when he found that he could not spit on the floor. Not a few dog fights with indignant squaws to grab the beasts by the back and throw them out the door or nearby window, joined their notes with those of the hymn or the grunts of the bucks, often making it difficult to keep the service uppermost.

Upon the arrival at Crow Agency at midnight the proffered information that the hotel was only a few blocks away, and one could get there by following the sidewalk was not encouraging.

"You ought to have a hack or porter at the station to meet the night trains," I said to the landlord, wearily, as he appeared.

"Bless you, Miss," was the reply, "this ain't the Waldorf. Didn't think ye was in New York, did ye? Hope ye didn't get scared," he added. "Just as safe as in your own home here in Crow Agency;" and suddenly I realized that he was doing me a favor to take me in instead of my favoring him by staying at his hotel.

"No," he answered, in reply to my question, "there ain't a vacant bed, but it's most morning. You just curl up here in the office on the lounge until breakfast time; there'll be no one around. And as my weary head, with my hat still on, touched the couch, my eyes closed to the outer world, while my mind got up a vivid panorama of war dances, scalpings, horse raids and bloody tomahawks and battle-axes, scarcely disturbed by the quiet tiptoes of the genial landlord putting his heavy overcoat over me. The first rays of light brought with them the Agency employes in response to the deep voice of the landlord echoing up the stairs, "Breakfast ready, breakfast!"

The Agency boarding-school is an interesting place to one unaccustomed to Indian boys and girls. There are about ninety children at this school from seven to sixteen years of age. Many are full-blooded Crow Indians, but there are many half and quarter breeds and some scarcely distinguishable from a white boy or girl.

On Sunday morning, at the tap of the bell, the children filed into the chapel for Sunday-school. Clad in neat uniforms, with well-combed hair and clean faces, they were a more promising group of boys and girls than when they were living in the camps wearing Indian clothes.

The Congregational Church mission is located here in charge of Mr. Burgess, who talks to the children both morning and evening. Mr. Burgess has been on the Crow Indian Reservation for thirteen years and has the welfare of the Indian very much at heart. Out in the camps he does much for the older Indians, gaining thus their confidence and good will. Many a sick Indian has come to realize that there are other things besides the medicine man and his rites, through the kindly nursing of this man.

The Thursday evening Christian Endeavor meeting when the subject was "The Progress of the Indian," was most interesting. The meeting was entirely in the hands of the boys and girls, and it was conducted with fitting dignity and responsibility.

One of the traits of the Indian which tides him over many an uncertain spot is an extraordinary amount of self-possession. He is seldom or never embarrassed or unable to express himself. If he enters your home, as a matter of course, he selects the best rocking-chair and seats himself in it as by right. His hat, his hands, or his heavy leggins or moccasins never trouble him; they are a part of himself and accepted at his entrance. He feels perfectly at home and proceeds as a matter of course, asking and expecting whatever pleases his fancy. When his white brother enters his tepee he receives the same treatment and expects it to be accepted in as cordial a manner. He is motioned to the best blanket and such motion means that the visitor had better accept if he cares to remain in the good favor of that particular Indian, or perhaps the whole tribe. He despises a curious one standing about looking about at all he sees, but if a caller sits down he accepts the Indian hospitality, and other things follow —perhaps to the pipe of peace and the family meal. This characteristic shows itself in the children, but to a lesser extent. Their contact with white people takes away that over-abundance of self-confidence, but leaves enough for most emergencies.

Christine Manyenemies and Katie Whitefox, two girls of thirteen years of age, led the meeting, and did it wonderfully well. Agnes Owlabove conducted the singing with a clear, strong voice and modest manner. Children who came in from the camps three to ten years ago and who still can join in the weird Indian songs of the heathen past, made harmonious music of such hymns as "I Know That My Redeemer Lives," "I Hear Thy Welcome Voice," "Whosoever Will," "Near the Cross," and 'I Will Sing the Wondrous Story."

Boys and girls eight to sixteen years of age found their places in the Bibles and joined in the Scripture reading with an earnestness that was commendable. Such verses as "Whosoever Shall Call Upon the Name of the Lord Shall Be Saved," and "This People Have I formed for Myself; They Shall Show Forth My Praise," seemed to mean something to these dusky children. Florence Medicinetail, a full-blooded Crow girl of ten years of age, in a clear, loud voice read her verse as intelligently as a white child. She has been in

from the camp only three years, but she speaks English very well.

Previous to the meeting the children had been asked to write something about the Crow Indians since they had learned about Jesus. Some of the remarks were read in the meeting, and if not always lived up to, at least show some interest and conception of Christian life. Below are a few as they came from the boys and girls:

"Some of the Indians believe in the Lord Jesus and do what is right. They go to church and listen to the preacher. I hope they will go in the right way and do the best they can and they should pray to God to help them." —Laura Plainlefthand.

"When Columbus came over here there were no churches, but now there are four churches in this Reservation. Many of the young men are Christian young men." —Wilber Blackhair.

"Some of the Indians of today have churches of their own and become missionaries among their own people and convert them and become missionaries among their own people and convert them and become Christians." —Eugene Longear.

"The Indians are learning more about Jesus Christ. Mr. Burgess is the preacher of this Indian School." —Cora Takesthehorse.

"Since the Indians know something about the Lord they are getting better every day and do right way as they ought to." —Helen Goesahead.

"A long time ago the Indians were savages, but now they know about Jesus and are more civilized." —Agnes Owlabove.

"It used to be the Indians were sun worshipers, but some of the Indians worship God now. When the missionaries came over here they told them it is not right to fight. The missionaries came to teach the Indians, and they are different now." —Tie Crookedarm.

"Indians used to be savages. Missionaries have been sent out among them. After awhile they are like white people and some of them are missionaries. They were fed on wild fruit, buffalo, deer and elk, and now they have gardens, cattle and buy food from stores. Women had hard times making their little garden, setting up the tepee and hauling wood on their backs. The men have to work now; he has to haul wood on the wagon and plow the garden." —Blake Whiteman.

A quartet of two boys and two girls, Eugene Longear, Wilber Blackhair, Agnes Owlabove and Susan Manyenemies sang "Send the Light" wonderfully well. Three of the employes added to the program, Miss Marmon, who is a Pueblo Indian from Laguna, told of the progress of her own people. Miss Anderson, an Arikaree from Fort Berthold, told of her native tribe, its work and interests, and Miss Moyer, a Cherokee, spoke of the various tribes of the Indian Territory and their advancement. The meeting closed with the Glory song, a favorite among the boys and girls, and one which they sing most heartily.

When it is taken into consideration that the fathers and mothers of these children are blanket Indians and lead the old-time tepee life, cannot, usually, speak a word of English, and do not encourage their children to learn, it seems remarkable how much has been accomplished in the past few years.

A few miles out on the Reservation are the Reno and Custer battlefields, the sites of fearful struggles not far gone by. The country is in very much the same condition as it was forty years ago, and even yet traces of the battle, shells, bones of the dead horses and remnants of the breastworks thrown up hastily by the desperate men, are left to tell of the past.

On the open roads, Indians with big wagons, or fine top buggies drawn by good teams, often greet strangers with a friendly "How." Henry Small, a young man from a good Scotch Presbyterian home, was driving our team. As we turned out for a big wagon, his "How Curley" was answered with a grunt and the faint suggestion of a smile on the stoical face with a guttural "How little bread baby," once again showing the Indian's ability to put the name to the object most convenient to him, for at the Agency the young man helped his father in the flour mill.

The Agency store furnishes opportunity for studying the Indian and his likes and dislikes at first hand. One who cares to loiter can pick up bits of the language and watch the selection of gay blankets, bright silk handkerchiefs, fancy calico, and all manner of toys.

On visiting day, or Big Saturday, the parents come in to see their chidlren, and sitting about the park eating all kinds and mixtures of food, make one wonder that there are any left to represent the tribe, for, regarding quantity and quality, the red man is hard to surpass, when there is opportunity to eat.

Out in the camps life is much the same as it was before the white man intruded except among the educated Indians, and even these often go back to the tepee life with its dirt and filth. It is hard for a boy or girl to withstand it, for it is home to them, and for generations the tendency has been toward the care-free living.

Not least among the pleasures of the Reservation was that of meeting Major Reynolds and receiving of his kindness and hospitality. Few men have a more trying position, and few men possess more patience kindliness, earnestness of purpose, and sincere helpfulness. Major Reynolds has done much for the Indians under his care, and deserves credit for many an unknown benefit.

Altogether the Reservation is a place for many and new experiences, a place of intense interest, and one not soon forgotten.

PACIFIC SEMINARY COMMENCEMENT WEEK

An Inauguration.

The exercises began on Monday evening, April the 6th with the inauguration of George De Witt Castor, Ph. D., into the Professorship of New Testament Literature and Exegesis. Mr. Castor gave a scholarly inaugural address on "The Kingdom of God in the Teaching of Jesus." After the induction ceremony by President McLean and praver by Professor Nash, came greetings from the churches and the ministry by the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks of Oakland; from the alumni by the Rev. L. D. Rathbone of the class of 1888; from the fraternity of divinity school by Professor Lincoln of the Church Divinity School at San Mateo; from the University of California by Professor Lange. Other participants in the services that evening were Professor Bade of the Seminary and the Rev. H. E. Jewett, the secretary of the board of directors.

The Graduation.

On Tuesday, at 10:30, the graduation exercises were held. The address was given by President Faunce of Brown University on the subject, "The Need of Ethical Leadership." The aim of Christianiay, he said, is ethical, and it has no other aim than to make good men and women. As he surveyed the

opening years of the 20th century and the demands of the times. President Faunce expressed the opinion that in importance of opportunity next to being a minister was being at the head of some social settlement. The demand is as it never before has been to summon men to the Christian ideal of life.

The graduating class consisted of four persons: Marshall William Meserve, Henry Orton Wiley, Leslie Burdette Briggs and Wilfrid Withington; the two last named receiving the degree of bachelor of divinity. This degree was conferred also on the Rev. Howard Mudie of the class of 1891; and the degree of master of sacred theology was conferred on the Rev. E. B. Bradley, B. D., of the class of 1906. Mr. Wilfred Withington, who had remained during the last year for study was listed as graduating with the class of 1907. In conferring the degrees and presenting the diplomas to the graduating class President McLean reminded them that they were merely in the vestibule of the great temple of the ministry; that they might even preach all their lives and not be ministers; that they might expound the Bible ably and yet not be ministers; that they would be ministers only as they **ministered.** Referring to the One who long ago went about doing good, and who gave his life a ransom for many, Dr. McLean said impressively, "You will be ministers as you learn to do that and love to do it."

The class hymn, "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," was sung; the benediction was pronounced by the venerable Dr. Willey, and the young men were sent forth to the work to which they have given themselves.

Participating in the exercises that day were the Rev. Dr. Meserve of Plymouth Church, San Francisco, the Rev. Walter Frear of wide service on the coast for many years, and the Rev. Hugh K. Hamilton of the Seminary class of 1907.

The Rev. L. B. Briggs, who was ordained a few months ago in connection with the organization of Bethany Church. Berkeley, will continue with that church for a few months and will go then to Yale for post-graduate study.

Mr. M. W. Meserve, who was ordained last Friday in San Francisco will spend the summer in Yosemite, and will return in September for post-graduate study in the Seminary and in the University of California. Mr. Wilfred Withington goes to Seattle to take a position as assistant in Pilgrim Church of that city, of which church the Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith is pastor.

Mr. H. O. Wiley is connected with the Church of the Nazarene in Berkeley.

A JOYOUS TIME IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH, SAN FRANCISCO.

Ordination of Marshall William Meserve.

The council called for the purpose of ordaining to the gospel ministry Mr. Marshall William Meserve met in Plymouth Church, San Francisco, April 10th.

Mr. Meserve is a son of the Rev. Dr. I. C. Meserve, the beloved pastor of Plymouth Church.

In 1901 he entered the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago, remaining two years. In 1904, after three months in the International Y. M. C. A. Training School, in Chicago, he entered Chicago Theological Seminary. In 1905 he entered Pacific Seminary, from which institution he was graduated this year.

While attending Moody Institute in Chicago Mr. Meserve had two years' experience as a city missionary and assistant pastor. He worked for five months in a mission field in Western Colorado, and had charge of Ward Memorial Church, Alameda, and Sunset Church, San Francisco, during his course in Pacific Seminary; one year with the former, two years and three months with the latter.

A delegation from each of these churches was in attendance at the council of ordination last Friday, and in many ways made evident the large place which Mr. Meserve had made for himself in the hearts of the people of the two churches during his ministrations with them.

A very satisfactory paper was read by Mr. Meserve, setting forth his religious experience and his belief, and it was with hearty unanimity and great gladness that the council proceeded to ordain.

It was very gratifying to father and son that the ordination took place when and where the father could have part therein; and especially touching was the father's prayer, when with others he laid his hand on the head of the candidate, and telling at the throne of grace of the great yearning of heart to do his work well, with which the young man went forth, asked reverently that the hand of the Master might be laid thereon also, and that his ministry be rich in earnest, loving service.

Around the table that evening Seminary professors and fellow-students spoke of the beauty and helpfulness of character shown during the pursuance of his studies in Berkeley; and all in all everyone present came to realize that the ranks of the ministry were being enriched in the setting apart to that work of Marshall William Meserve.

Mr. W. M. Searby told of the joy which Plymouth Church, of which Mr. M. is a member, had in sending him forth to this high calling.

The sermon that evening was by the Rev. Dr. Adams of the First Church, San Francisco, on the text in the 12th of Matthew, "Teacher, we would see a sign from you." The sermon graphically contrasted the coldly intellectual and the warmly spiritual ways of approaching or seeking to approach and apprehend Christ. And it was shown that the only sign the world has ever had or ever will have is "the sign of the risen life." When Boniface, with a devotion which was Christ-like, went into the wilds of the great German forests, there came out ere long modern civilization. So in every risen, every truly spiritual life—or in its fruitage, there is the sign which evidences the power of Him who energizes it.

Mr. Meserve had the hand of fellowship and a welcome into the ministry extended to him by the devoted pastor of the famous Green Street Church, San Francisco; and thus early in his life work felt the clasp of royal service. Then, Professor Nash of Pacific Seminary in the charge to the candidate emphasized the demand of the age for ethical leadership and counseled his beloved pupil to seek to find the world's deepest needs, and to make his ministry not merely one to individual hearts, but to work to the end that there may be sounded louder and louder the great note of social morality.

The council which sent forth in this glad manner the second son of Dr. Meserve, the pastor of Plymouth Church, to the work of the gospel ministry, was presided over by the Rev. S. C. Patterson of Bethany Church. Participating in the services also were the Rev. W. N. Meserve, an uncle of the candidate, pastor

of a Baptist Church in San Francisco, and the Rev. Mr. Van Wagnen, pastor of the Congregational Church at Auburn—a graduate of Pacific Seminary, and who as a student had stood in most brotherly relations with Mr. Meserve.

A VISIT TO THE SANTA CLARA ASSOCIATION

The Meeting at Pacific Grove.

The editor of The Pacific starts to write concerning the Santa Clara Association at Pacific Grove when there is piled up ahead of the article to be written much more matter than the paper will contain. Accordingly only a few words concerning a thoroughly inspiring meeting!

From the time that the Rev. C. W. Merrill of Saratoga spoke so convincingly on "The Triumph of Prayer," to and through the illuminating address by Arthur Arlett of Oakland on the Brotherhood movement, there was a series of fine addresses and papers, such as "Good Cheer in Temperance Effort," by the Rev. C. C. Kirtland of Redwood City; "The Church Awakened to Civic Opportunities," by the Rev. Dr Baldwin of Palo Alto; "The Recent Success of Spiritual Work:" (a) In the Training of the Young, by the Rev. Miles B. Fisher of Berkeley; (b) With Bible and Spade, by the Rev. R. B. Cherington of Sunnyvale; (c) The Pulpit—Meeting God's Expectation of It, by Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose.

Among the disclosures of good things to be was the fact that Mayflower Church, Pacific Grove, where the meeting was held, has pledged about $6,000 toward an addition to the building, to be used for Sunday-school and social purposes, and that there is fair promise of a fine pipe organ also in the near future. The Mayflower people always arise to the needs of the work, and the growth and success of this little church by the sea is a continuous standing illustration of the truth that faithfulness to duty has ever its rewards.

The writer was not present to hear the reports from the churches; but one who had lived many years in San Francisco and Oakland said that he had not in his long life heard reports that equaled them.

At our request a member of the church at Santa Cruz gave us later an outline of the report made for that church, which was somewhat as follows:

Admitted to membership between March 1st, 1907, and March 1st, 1908, 122 persons, 42 on confession; 13 children baptized, 18 adults. Resident membership, 400; absentees, 150. Sustains three missions. One at Davenport, where the pastor goes twice a month on Thursday evenings—on Ocean Shore road, 12 miles up the coast; another in Scott's Valley to which the pastor goes once a month on Sunday afternoon—distant six miles from Santa Cruz; another in Happy Valley, where he goes also once a month. In addition to the main Sunday-school there is a branch school in the northeast part of the city for which a building was erected recently at a cost of $1,000, without debt. The main Sunday-school has a home department of 130 members, in the near-by canyons and valleys. The cradle roll numbers 75. The pastor, the Rev. J. B. Orr, is aided greatly in all this work by his assistant, Miss Irma G. Allen.

Among the things done by the Association in its meeting at Pacific Grove worthy of special note was the action to aid the new enterprise at Burlingame. Aid to the extent of $600 was voted, and instead of waiting to raise the money in the churches a committee was instructed to borrow it and present it to the church at Burlingame at once, and then raise money to meet the note. Good and brotherly, that!

The meeting next year will be at San Mateo, and the church at Burlingame will aid in entertaining. The Rev. J. H. Goodell was chosen as moderator for the coming year, and the Rev. J. B. Orr as preacher.

Aloha writes interestingly this week concerning the meeting at Pacific Grove in his beloved Mayflower Church. Read him for what is omitted here and blame him for all omissions in general. He will bear it with a smile.

We have room here to add just this: The Moderator, the Rev. J. B. Orr, in introducing Mr. Arlett of Oakland called him "The missing link between capital and labor."

It was with pleasure that the present writer looked into the faces and grasped the hands of the friends in Pacific Grove once again.

May that fine addition and that pipe organ shape themselves into form and place speedily, and Mayflower move forward rejoicingly!

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Mayflowers Latest Cruise.

This sweet ship, the Social Queen of Monterey bay, recorded the goodly crowd of the Santa Clara Association on her list of happy passengers for the spring meeting last week. Pastor Goodell wanted all his good women to hear the music and the addresses and share the fellowship to the full. So he asked the brethren to lunch and dine the delegates and let the good housekeepers care for them for lodging and breakfast. It was all sane and satisfactory.

Winston's Inn was interesting and alive. Had we been jovial jackies on white ships we could not have been cared for better. Our official contributor will tell of the able papers and spirited addresses in full. Let this rustic ranchman drop an acorn into the soil of your memory to record that prohibition does prohibit and that the only reason that there is any grass in the Grove streets (and there is not much) is because the spring cleaning is not all done. The town never looked so beautiful. Where is the sad whiskey town that can compare with it? Show me as beautiful an avenue as Lighthouse avenue in any rum-cursed town in our state and I will ride to it and make due acknowledgment. I won't lie for a good cause. The "good cheer" printed on the program was prophetic and contagious. No note of pessimism was sounded.

Progress in temperance seemed coincident with progress all along the line. Mayflower's push for enlarged social and Sunday-school rooms was matched by every church reporting. The glistening bay shone like the Bay of Naples and the fleet of fishing boats looked like Yokohama.

Happy crowd who could accept a third day of the splendid hospitality and stop over to repeat the fascination of the seventeen-mile drive! No wonder all our denominations love to camp where the brave Methodists began in faith and prayers. "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord." "Wisdom's ways are

ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

Good Cheer to Burlingame.

Though every church was harnessed up to improvements, and every pastor had scheduled every Sunday possible for special collections, a way was found under the apt and ready leading of Superintendent Rathbone to prove the fellowship of the churches for Burlingame. Make a note of it! That brave and wholesome flock can now put up a comely tabernacle on their splendid lot and have a happy hive of their own to fill with gospel honey. When the bell of Brother Walz's church rings for their dedication we'll all turn to and give Burlingame another lift of fellowship. One good turn deserves another. Fellowship is a force when wisely led. Love is stronger than dictation.

Ho! for Riverside.

April 27, 28 and 29 an earnest company of philanthropists accept the invitation of the great-hearted Frank Miller of Riverside to meet at his famous and hospitable inn and consult for the good of the belated brethren in red whom white energy has not always considered kindly in its mad race to possess this imperial California domain. But God and time and thought work wonders in immortals, and a tide from heaven is moving onward to give the Indian a chance. It's one of the wonders of the generation, on this coast, this genuine revival of humanity. Only God himself knows the bounty and the blessedness he will pour into the repentant hearts of white men if they will do even tardy justice to the despoiled early possessors of this Paradise.

Southern California has an up-to-date Sherman Indian school at Riverside. I can imagine the sensations of old Northern Indians who, as temporary guests of this splendid government school, shall see for the first time a fair and adequate provision for Indian boys and girls. If they are not moved to prayers and tears for a like provision for their children, and if northern visitors from our primitive schools are not stirred to generous emulation, this writer will be disappointed. The prompt and happy outcome of a large Burlingame conference at Pacific Grove was no disappointment to the members of the conference who made it the subject of special prayer.

By the way of our Father's throne many may share the Riverside Conference. In His name, brethren, on the Sabbath after Easter ask God's blessing on the new use of a great hotel. May our whole state be moved by it! May Southern California not stop humanity because she leads so splendidly! May every northern delegate be moved to make amends for the sad and neglected past. As this acorn falls many of us share by prayer the temperance victories the morning papers shall announce. So may many share the gladness and the gracious spiritual momentum of the share of that blessing. As Oberlin leaped into notoriety and moral power by giving a chance to the negro, Riverside Conference.

Perhaps the infant school at Paradise may win a so may the polytechnic institute please God and win men's hearts by giving Indian youth, aye, all youth who aspire, an opportunity for a well-earned education.

A bad habit is a perpetual mortgage on character, and the only way to lessen the principal is to stop paying interest.

One can change his nature without God with the same ease that a clock can repair itself.

JOHN G. PATON, AND MISSIONS IN MICRONESIA.

(Christian Edeavor Topic for April 26th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

What a noble little country Scotland is, and what splendid sons have carried her influence around the world! David Livingstone, Henry Drummond, Robert Louis Stevenson—their very names are an inspiration to better living! More obscure, but made of the same sturdy stuff, was an old man who died a little over a year ago at the ripe old age of eighty-two—John G. Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides.

His father and mother were poor, but deeply religious Scottish peasants. In spite of poverty their eldest son made his way through college and Divinity and Medical schools as well. He earned all his own way and helped support the family at home by doing some very heroic and efficient missionary work in the slums of Glasgow. Then came the foreign missionary call, and he started out for the far-away New Hebrides.

In his Autobiography he tells of his adventures and hair-breadth escapes. He worked among fierce and warlike cannibals, "half devil and half child." He was blamed for every thunderstorm and held responsible for every disaster. After nearly four years of work in Tanna, his first island, he was driven off, fortunate to escape with life itself, his house destroyed, and the few natives friendly to him either killed or terrorized. The background of violence, murder and cannibalism which one sees behind his story almost makes the blood run cold. Native cruelty and superstition were made more dangerous through the brutality and hatred of white traders, the islands were in a chronic state of civil war, every battle ended in a cannibal feast, and the superstitions of the natives were so low and diabolical as to afford hardly any possible "point of contact" with Christianity.

A good many men, after four years of such fruitless hardship, would have given up. But John G. Paton did not give up. He went back to the neighboring island of Aniwa and labored for over twenty-five years, achieving a splendid success, turning the entire island from idols and cannibalism. This success made possible at last the evangelization of Tanna, the island where he had tried in vain to get a foothold during those first four years.

We sometimes think of missionaries as mild namby-pamby, sentimental people. This story of a brave man all alone on this dark and bloody island, his heart aflame with love for men, ready at any childish pretext to turn and slay and eat him, is the story not of a weakling, but of a hero. We may not approve of the wisdom of the missionary policy that placed him there alone, but the high courage and the sublime passion for humanity which he exhibited must surely command the respect of every one who reads his story.

Our American Board work in Micronesia lies in the Gilbert, Marshall and Caroline islands, which lie some distance to the north of the New Hebrides and almost directly under the equator. The report published in the "Missionary Herald" last November shows that the mission has under its charge 149 preaching stations, 54 churches, with a membership of 6,167, a little over 1,000 having been added during the past year. The Caroline and Marshall islands now belong to Germany, and the German Christian Endeavor Union is raising money to support several missionaries

who are sent out by the Liebenzeller Mission, a German society. These missionaries work in conjunction with our own workers and are heartily welcomed by the American Board. Interesting material on the topic may be found in the "Missionary Herald" for April and November, 1907, and February, 1908, and, of course, in John G. Paton's Autobiography.

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—A series of meetings in which there is considerable interest was conducted the past week by the pastor, the Rev. O. L. Corbin.

Sunnyvale.—Fifteen young people signed cards recently, signifying their determination to lead a Christian life. A majority of the Sunday-school are church members.

Oakland, First.—The Sunday-school is planning for a short Summer School in Methods of Religious Education. It is intended for teachers and parents, and will take the place of the regular Sunday-scchool session during four weeks of the vacation. Prof. C. E. Rugh of the University of California, Miss Grace Everett Barnard and H. B. Mowbray will give the lectures.

San Rafael.—The regular family reunion of the First Congregational Church of San Rafael took place in the parlors of the church on the evening of April 9th. At these happy occasions, which are always enjoyed by families and friends of the members, the officers are elected, and thus the organization becomes equipped anew for further service. These exercises were presided over by the newly established pastor, the Rev. Clarence Stevens, under whose direction the band of workers believe they have the right man in the right place, and are encouraged to greater effort in winning beautiful San Rafael for Christ.

Long Beach.—Plymouth Church has just sent out a very neat and handsome program of the twenty-second annual meeting of the Los Angeles Association, which they will entertain Monday and Tuesday, April 20 and 21. The program offers a treat of good things to all who may attend. Congregationalism in Southern California is moving forward . The Home Missionary Society closes its fiscal year out of debt and many churches have made both material and spiritual advance. The association will, therefore, be an occasion of a "shout in the camp" and an inspiration to greater work for the Master in the year to come.

Pasadena, First.—Eighteen persons were received into membership April 5th, six by confession. The church commorates Holy Week by services each evening except Saturday. The topics selected are as follows: Monday, "The Children in the Temple," Matt. 21:12-17; Tuesday, "Faith and Prayer, a Lesson by the Way," Mark 11:25-33; Wednesday, "Jesus Anointed at Bethany," John 12:1-11; Thursday, "The Upper Room and the Garden," Mark 14:12-30; Friday evening the choir renders the impressive oratoria "The Crucifixion" (Stainer), bringing vividly to mind the death on the cross, and preparing thoughtful hearers for the glory and joy of the Resurrection, of which Easter Sunday is the great memorial.

Los Angeles, First.—Passion time services have been held the past week and will continue each day until April 19. Dr. W. H. Day gives a Bible study on the earlier prophets at 3:30; preachirg in the evening at 7:45 on evangelistic themes, Prof. B. P. Stout adding interest to the services by singing gospel songs. The services will conclude Friday evening by a musical and eonsecration service, when the organ, and choir will join with Prof. Stout in a jubilee of song and praise. These services have been well attended, and large results are expected. They will be followed by communion services and reception of members. Dr. Day is not only busy in his home church work, but renders valiant services to other societies, last Sunday preaching on the street corner under Y. M. C. A. auspices.

Riverside.—The annual meeting of the church was held on Wednesday evening, April 1st. The ladies provided a bountiful supper, as usual, at which one hundred and fifty were seated. After the supper reports were read from the several departments, showing that good work had been done all along the line. The report of the trustees showed extra expense for new furnaces, insurance, etc., to the amount of nearly $500. The small deficit occasioned thereby was immediately subscribed that the year might be closed free of debt. The ladies have raised over one thousand dollars towards the new parsonage during the year, leaving the small sum of $450 still due. The church has raised from all sources $6,800; some $2,000 of this was for benevolences. Much enthusiasm was manifested, and it would seem that a successful year is before us. A new and larger church edifice is the crying need of the hour, the Sunday-school being greatly handicapped from lack of room, while the morning and evening audiences tax the seating capacity of the main auditorium. It would seem that the Good Father is hearing the prayers of some of his people, for he has put it into the heart of one of the brethren to volunteer a gift of $5,000 towards a new building. It is earnestly hoped that others will do as well. Sunday, April 5th, was observed as communion day, at which twenty were received by letter, and seven on confession; two of the latter were Japanese boys, fruit of our mission conducted so successfully, by Miss Howard and her assistants. Dr. Pond was here on his annual visit, in the interests of the Japanese work, the evening service consisting of songs and recitations of Scripture by the pupils of the mission school, a short address by Dr. Pond and one by Mr. Takahash, who told in very acceptable English the story of leaving his native country and coming to America, of the dear Japanese mother he had left behind, and of several American mothers he had found since coming here, who had all been so good and kind to him. Surely the heart of dear Dr. Pond must have been greatly cheered by this visit. We bid him God speed, and trust he may live many years to bless the world with his self-denying work for the Master.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FELLOWSHIP MEETING.

Just a Taste of It for Readers of The Pacific!

The Congregational Ministers' Union, meeting monthly, is changed to the larger basis of a Fellowship Meeting, to which all of our ministers and their wives are invited, and the railroad fares are pro-rated so that all pay alike—with delegates from the churches.

The first two of these meetings were held with the First Church of Los Angeles, the third meeting was held with the West Side Church of Pasadena on April 6th, and the fourth is invited to meet with the Bethlehem Institutional Church of Los Angeles.

The third meeting had for its topic "Personal and Parish Problems." The roll call was given beginning with the Church of the Messiah, Los Angeles.

Rev. Stanley R. Fisher, the pastor, reported that the church is nine months old, and now has a membership of 102 with 200 enrolled in the Sunday-school. A flourishing senior C. E. society, and also a junior society are in full operation. The parish is divided into seven districts in charge of five ladies for each; in two months they have called upon 316 families.

Redondo and Manhattan.

Tne churches at Redondo and Manhattan Beach, Rev. W. P. Hardy, pastor, have enjoyed a prosperous year, and entered upon self-support April 1st. The Redondo Church has a bell in the tower recently contributed by a member. Large congregations fill the house of worship, and the Sunday-school is very prosperous. During the year the parsonage has been enlarged into a very commodious home.

Mt. Hollywood.

The church at Mt. Hollywood is eleven months old, and has as its pastor Rev. A. C. Wright, who was a very successful missionary in China. The church now meets in a commodious hall, and has a Sunday-school of over 100 in attendance, 70 members in the church, and a well-attended prayer-meeting is conducted; $500 is gathered towards the purchase of a lot, which will probably cost four times that amount.

Monrovia.

This is one of our oldest churches, but owing to a great depletion of church members some years ago services were

discontinued. A remnant of the former membership numbers seven, of whom six are over 50 years of age. During the past year many new families have moved into this most attractive foothill town, of which a large proportion are Congregational people. After much preliminary consideration a movement was begun to resuscitate the membership and enlarge the same. On the first Sunday in March the first pastor, Professor D. H. Colcord of Pomona College, preached the sermon. The newly arrived pastor, Rev. Ansel E. Johnson, from River Head, New York, addressed a large afternoon audience, and was received into the fellowship by Secretary John L. Maile. Mr. Johnson then inducted twenty-six into membership, including a young man who was baptized. Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day of the First Church of Los Angeles (from whence a number of the new members came) gave a felicitous review of the past and present conditions. The communion service was then administered by Dr. Day and Professor Colcord. A friend of the church contributed $150 toward renovating the building, and $350 additional was contributed by the congregation. This money was spent in building a portico and decorating the interior of the church. A most encouraging outlook attends the Monrovia work.

Ontario.

The church at Ontario was reported by its pastor, Rev. Charles H. Seccombe, who was granted a leave of absence by his people to assist in the campaign for raising Home Missionary funds. Mr. Seccombe was out on the field for five Sundays and did very effective work. His people are among the strongest givers for Home Missions.

The problem of this church is to obtain a competent leader for the chorus choir. Mr. Seccombe raised the question whether our Christian colleges and theological seminaries are training individuals for this most important church service.

Lake Avenue, Pasadena.

When Rev. S. G. Emerson of the Lake Avenue Church was called upon he asked the privilege of remarking upon the inspiring outlook of the West Side Church, and generously commended the splendid work being done by the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. F. Loba.

West Side, Pasadena.

Dr. Loba, pastor of the West Side Pasadena Church, said that their problem was the absence of young pepole, but large congregations attend the services. Many visitors from the East are present, and competent judges of sermons are impressed with the great preaching and teaching ability, which characterize the work of Dr. Loba. He testified that during his three pastorates he has found his pastor's classes for boys and girls the most effective training method for membership in the church. His present class starts off with promise.

Redlands.

The church at Redlands, reported by the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. H. Williams, was rather felicitously said not to have any problem. Large congregations attend the Sunday services. When the assistant pastor, Rev. Albert W. Palmer, left this work for his present pastorate in Oakland much solicitation was felt for the Sunday-school he was leaving. The fears entertained have not been realized because competent individuals and prominent educational workers in Redlands have taken hold of the Sunday-school with much ability and practical efficiency.

Riverside.

Mr. Hanna, a young layman of the Riverside Church, reported that under the new pastor, Rev. Dr. J. H. McLaren, the problem of the evening audience is solved. Many desiring to attend are unable to be seated, and this emergency presses the need of a new house of worship. A gentleman of the congregation offers $5,000 as a starter.

Santa Ana.

The Santa Ana church was reported by the pastor, A. H Hooker. The problem of this people is to find ways and means for the erection of an up-to-date church edifice. The women's society and the Christian Endeavor society are all active in raising funds, including the purchase of a pipe organ.

Rialto.

Rev. James H. Lash reports for Rialto that within less than three years the house of worship has been thoroughly repaired, a fine parsonage has been erected and the salary and membership have been more than doubled. Mr. and Mrs. Lash have also resuscitated the run-down work at Bloomington, two and a half miles distant.

Sherman.

Rev. George N. Musgrove, pastor of the Sherman church, reports the erection of a new house of worship with the old building as an annex, and spacious new rooms for social purposes. Mr. Musgrove finds a serious problem in the marriage of men and women of different denominations who will not agree to unite with the same church, and soon cease attending any church, and so drift away into a non-religious way of living.

Sierra Madre.

Rev. Dr. J. M. Campbell reported for Sierra Madre that while this church is on the margin of self-support, much has been done in the way of benevolences. A new Sunday-school room is being added to the church edifice at a cost of $1,200. The enrollment of the Sunday-school equals that of the public school, and nearly every child in the community is reached. As an experienced preacher and writer Dr. Campbell brings to this work the training and ability of many preceding years.

Villa Park.

Rev. A. S. Newcomb, pastor of the church at Villa Park, where he has served for about a year, reports a flourishing prayer meeting organized before his arrival. Large audiences have attended the public services, and this being the only church in the community all classes of people are represented. Many young men and young women are regularly present. During the winter a band of four students from Occidental College conducted meetings with this church in a manner entirely informal, and with their earnest and helpful services made a deep impression upon the people attending the meetings. As an illustration of their style of address they said, "If you cannot sing, whistle a tune." Between forty and fifty individuals were converted. It was found that these young men spent a number of hours daily in the seclusion of their rooms in prayer. This loyalty to the Holy Spirit probably accounts for the large measure of success attending their labors.

Whittier.

The church at Whittier is making fine progress under the leadership of the Rev. Dr. Alex. McGregor, recently from St. Paul. Overflowing congregations impel to the enlargement of the church building, and later on a new edifice will be erected.

Colegrove.

This young organization has for more than a year worshiped in a vacant store building with the attendance at Sunday-school overflowing. An unused Episcopal chapel and an acre of land have recently been purchased, and on Sunday, April 5th, the opening service occurred. On the object was accomplished in a short time by an earnest appeal to the large audience present.

purchase price of $2,500, $500 remained to be raised. This

At the services Secretary John L. Maile presided.

Rev. A. C. Wright, pastor of the Mt. Hollywood church, read the Scripture.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Hartwell of New York.

Mr. Dodge, a leading citizen, gave the address of welcome, followed by Rev. Dr. Warren F. Day speaking in behalf of the churches, and by Rev. Dr. Ryland, pastor of the M. E. Church South, and also president of the Los Angeles Federation, gave a strong address upon the topic of "Christian Fellowship."

Rev. A. A. Kidder, the pastor, made the blackboard appeal.

WASHINGTON.

Granite Falls.—Rev. S. Williams will close his work at Granite Falls in the near future.

Spokane.—Rev. H. Edward Mills will devote the evenings during Passion week to a consideration of the Immanuel Movement. Rev. J. T. Nichols, the associate pastor, attended the Sunday School Committee meeting in Seattle recently.

Cheney.—Plans are being prepared for a remodelling and enlargement of the church building. Rev. F. O. Wyatt is preaching a course of sermons on "The Foundation of Christian Faith." They are announced as being "for the benefit of intelligent people who wish to hold reasonable views concerning the Bible, the supposed conflicts between science and religion, the reality of the miracles, the Deity

of Jesus and the immortality of the soul; for all who would be religiously abreast of the times; and for all who would hold a faith sane enough to be strengthened rather than weakened by the advancing knowledge of our day."

North Yakima.—Rev. H. A. Luckenbach is taking up the work of the seven Congregational benevolent societies in the Thursday evening prayer meetings with excellent results, both in attendance and in increasing interest in the missionary work. Mr. Luckenbach attended the meeting of the State Sunday School Committee April 1st in Seattle. The churches and business men co-operated in forcing the closing of saloons, pool rooms, etc., on Sundays. Mr. Luckenbach says the 'lid is on tight." Business men are more and more recognizing that the interests of the churches and their own are identical.

Seattle, Prospect.—The Prospect Congregational Church, newly organized by the Seattle Congregational Extension Society, has called to its pulpit Rev. Robert Storrs Osgood of Belle Plaine, Iowa. Mr. Osgood has notified the church of his acceptance and is expected in Seattle soon. Rev. Mr. Osgood is the son of George R. Osgood of Tacoma. He lived for a year in Tacoma before entering the theological seminary and is also acqainted in Seattle. Mr. Osgood will enter on his work in Seattle May 3. Mr. Osgood and his wife are graduates of Iowa College, class of 1894, and he is a graduate also of Chicago Theological Seminary, class of 1898. He has had ten years' experience in the ministry; has built two churches, one for the Mayflower Congregational Church at Indianapolis and the other for the First Congregational Church of Belle Plaine, Iowa, where a handsome building has been erected during his five years with this church. The Sunday-school out of which this church has grown was organized and carried on at first by Pilgrim Church. Then the Seattle Church Extension Society took hold of the work and has developed it to its present state. Mr. James P. Weeter, Jr., has been the efficient superintendent for over a year.

THE YEAR IN WASHINGTON.

The following summary is taken from the returns already made by the churches. In all probability several churches will not be reported, as the clerks have not, even after repeated requests, sent in the figures for their respective churches. If a clerk is so indifferent to such an important matter as this he is not a safe one to be trusted with the keeping of the records, carelessnes in which might cause great annoyance, not to say legal complications. Accuracy and faithfulness are demanded of a church clerk as much as of a treasurer.

Churches.

Pastors by Council, 7; pastors received or recognized, 87; pastors otherwise, 39; licentiates, 8; supplies, 4; vacant, 18; total, 163.

Ministers.

Pastors by Council, 7; pastors received or recognized, 95; pastors otherwise, 6; supplying churches, 9; total, 117; without charge, 25 total ministers, 142.

Membership.

Males, 3,585; females, 6,723; total, 10,308; absent, 1,233.

Additions—On confession, 691; by letter, 921; total, 1,612.

Removals—Death, 86; dismission, 459; revision, 310; total, 855.

Baptisms—Adult, 203; infants, 264.

S. S. & Y. P. S. C E

Sunday-school members, 14,139; Young People's societies, 65; membership, 2,592.

Home Expenses.

Number of churches reporting, 121; amount reported, $202,776.

Contributions.

Number of churches contributing, 117; foreign missions, $7,939; education, $913; church building, $13,707; home missions, $8,364; American Missionary Association, $1,048; Sunday-schools, $1,164; ministerial aid, $273; other, $48,-522; total, $81,930.

Fifth Year Statistics.

Salaries—Number of churches reporting, 116; total amount, $94,254; average, $812.50.

Value of Church Property—Number of churches reporting, 120; total amount, $967,208.

Invested Funds—Churches reporting, 7; total amount, $3,838.

Summary.

Increase—Churches, 9; members, 520; benevolence, $39,284; home expenses, $26,027; value of property, $662,-293; amount of debt, $62,174.

Decrease—A decrease of 38 in Sunday-school members is reported, but this is not actually true, as many schools are not reported.

Churches Added.

The following churches have been added to the list recently: Allyn, Medina, Grace, Sinaret, Pasco, Stevenson, Underwood, Cliffs, Shaw Island, Seattle; Olivet and Bayview, Five Mile Prairie, Long Prairie.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY IN WASHINGTON AND NORTHERN IDAHO.

Some idea of the work and scope of this society within this district may be gathered from the following summaries:

SUMMARY OF WORK FOR WASHINGTON 1907-8.

Schools organized, 30; schools reorganized, 20; schools visited, 229; Sunday-school Institutes visited, 9; supplies given away, $125.51; missionary money received, $1,602.75; miles traveled, 44,493; salaries, $4,148; expenses, $2,317.44.

Summary of Work for Northern Idaho, 1907-8.

Schools organized, 6; schools reorganized, 3; schools visited, 38; sermons and addresses, 212; supplies given away, $30.73; missionary money received, $52.46; miles traveled, 12,529; salaries, $767.50; expenses, $385.47.

The work has been under the care of Rev. Samuel Green, D.D., superintendent, and the missionaries, Revs. J. M. Dick in Western Washington, J. T. Percival in Eastern Washington, J. L. Hershner in Southern Washington, H. F. Burgess in Central Washington, C. W. Bushnell in Northern Idaho. At a meeting of the State Sunday School Committee plans for the future work were formulated and recommended to the society. If adopted Rev. Mr. Percival and, as heretofore, Mr. Burgess will devote part time to the Sunday School Society and part to the Home Missionary Society and the territories of all will be rebounded so as to cover parts of the state which the new railroads are opening to settlement. The expenses will be considerably reduced and an earnest attempt to raise about twice the amount upon the field this year as was raised last is promised. Retrenchment in Washington seems absurd, but in view of the needs of the other newer states it seems compulsory. Plans for our ministers to look after Sunday-schools near them are being laid so that the work may not be impeded

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MINISTERS' MEETING AND "INSPECTION DAY" AT GREEN STREET CHURCH (S. F.) ON EASTER MONDAY.

The ministers' meeting on Monday, April 20, will be held with the Green Street (Fourth) Church, San Francisco, at 11 o'clock. The ministers and their wives are invited. Luncheon will be provided without charge. This date is selected for the reason that it is the second anniversary of the burning of the old church. Reports and reminiscences from all the churches are requested at the morning meeting. In the afternoon of this "Day of Inspection" all friends of Congregationalism and all who are interested in "institutional" church work are invited to view and inspect the partially finished new building which by many is thought to be a model of its kind. At two o'clock the Rev. Charles R. Brown will give an address. The occasion will undoubtedly serve to awake interest in the need of this church and in the welfare of this part of the great city.

To reach the church: From the Ferry—white car (at north wing of Ferry building) to Green street. From other parts of the city—North Beach cars of Third and Kearny or Powell and Mason lines.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The growth of the Sunyside Church of this city, Rev. John J. Staub, pastor, has been such in the last year as to forcibly impress upon the trustees the necessity for greatly enlarged quarters. This important movement was taken hold of with characteristic energy, a few weeks ago, and already the plans for a new building are well under way, and the prospect for securing the needed funds is excellent, the larger part having been already raised.

Rev. E. C. Oakley of the Oregon City Church, is doing good work there; his congregations are constantly increasing, and the work of the Sunday-school is improving also. He recently closed a series of illustrated discourses bearing upon the "Life and Times of Elijah," deducing practical lessons therefrom, pertinent to the life of today, which awakened a good deal of interest.

The work in Pilgrim Chapel, in the southern part of this city, carried on under the auspices of the First Church for a number of years, has been given a new and encouraging impetus recently by the earnest labors of Rev. D. B. Gray, who has been long a faithful worker in Oregon.

Rev. J. L. Folsom, the superintendent of Home Missions in Oregon, gave a striking review of the conditions of our Congregational Church work in Oregon in the First Church, this morning, as a result of his labors in the field during the past eleven months. In this he plainly indicated the numerous localities where effective work was being done, and also the points where there ought to be workers which could not be secured with the limited means at his command. All in all, his discourse was a powerful plea for Home Missions, which was very generally and generously responded to.

The mark set by most of the Congregational churches of Oregon this year is $1 per resident member, for Home Missions, and it is believed that this sum will be raised. And it is the hope of many that the aggregate membership of the church in Oregon may be increased at least by one thousand in the year 1908. If the ratio of increase from January 1st up to the present date can be continued the remainder of the year that result will be attained.

The two deacons emeritus of the First Church Alfred S. Frank and Dr. William M. Cake, the first in his eighty-sixth vear and the last in his eighty-third year, have been called to their heavenly reward in the last few weeks. The ripe Christian characters of both these devoted servants of the Master has been as a light set upon a hill for many years to all with whom they came in contact.

Portland, April 12, 1908.

THE SUM OF HAPPINESS.

It's learning through all woes to sing,
It's finding joy in everything;
It's doing one's duty every day,
And learning "Thy will be done" to say.
It's striving all other lives to bless,
And this is the sum of happiness.

THE HOME

RISING TIME.

By Mrs. George H. Lee.

A Sunbeam came tripping adown the sky hill,
And kissed the bright face of the Clock;
Which raised its long hand and then struck an alarm
That gave all the family a shock.

" 'Tis time to be rising," said Sunbeam and Clock.
"There's plenty of work you can do;
We can't do it all, don't expect it of us,
Though busy the day and night through.

"While you have been resting, the Clock's busy hands
Have pointed out minutes and hours;
And I have been traveling half way round the world,"
Said Sunbeam, "awakening the flowers."

Then some of the household who thus were addressed
Began their excuses to make.
The Bread said, "You know I've been rising all night,
A nap in the oven I'll take."

The Pins in the cushion cried out one and all,
"I like this soft place for my head."
The Needles all saucily opened one eye,
And said, "We can't work without thread."

The Stove-pipe admitted without any doubt,
Its elbow to be out of joint.
"I wrote half the night and can't rise with the lark,"
The Pen said, and carried its point.

The Window cried out, "I am full of panes,
You surely won't ask me to rise!"
The teeth of the Comb tried to chatter with cold,
The Hooks began rubbing their eyes.

The Doors tried in vain to untangle their locks,
While Pictures were shaking their frames.
The Books snuggled closer their covers between,
Too sleepy to know their own names.

The Yardstick, accustomed to limp on three feet,
Was fully determined to shirk.
The Easy-chairs stretched out their legs and their arms,
And said, "Don't expect us to work."

The Summer-wind murmured, "I can't raise a breath,
You know I don't own any lungs."
The Shoes kept quite still, never saying a word,
Alas, they had all lost their tongues.

By this time the children were all wide awake,
And fully enjoying the fun.
They said, " 'Tis quite clear unless we rise and help,
This day's work will never be done."

Batavia, O.

DON'TS FOR MOTHERS.

Don't expect the average nursemaid to give the intelligent attention you would yourself give; had she vour brains she would not be a nursemaid.

Don't fail to make your hay in these precious receptive days. The world lies beyond.

Don't say, "Oh, do be quiet!" or "Do sit still!" Remember that bones and muscles must develop. Make a place for them to do so. This is your duty.

Don't permit a fear to be implanted in your child.

Don't forget that "What?" and "Why" are the best manifestations of a normal brain. Take time and pains to make it grow wisely.

Don't take your small child shopping.

Don't give your maid a chance to say, "You just got mad yourself; so now!"

Don't, as you value your motherhood, "scold." Don't fail to give the reason why every time you give a command. You want the obedience of an intelligent, reasoning being, not that of an automaton.

Don't let your child suspect that the world can hold a more delightful companion than "mother," if you would keep "anchor to windward."

Don't forget that the mother who can enter into all her children's pleasures has discovered a marvelous "youth restorer."

Don't bring up your children upon a steady diet of "Don'ts," miserable, prickly little word that it is, and sure to rub the wrong way.

Don't correct your child in the presence of others. You yourself would find this very hard to brook; so why regard this little being as less sensitive?

Don't overlook an untruth, yet weigh carefully between untruthfulness and a vivid imagination. It is often a hair-splitting task, but no mistake should be made.

Don't forget that in assisting "mother" into the car, in walking upon the outer edge of the sidewalk, in picking up the handkerchief she has let drop, your little laddie is molding the true gentleman.

Don't fail to listen attentively and patiently to all the little trials which come into the lives of these small people. Help adjust them, and remember that at six they are as great in proportion as those which daily come into your life.

Don't forget that sympathy for your children's "fads and fancies" draws you closer to them.

Don't offer bribes as an inducement to good behavior.

Don't forget that "almost fourteen" are crucial years in the lives of your son and daughter.

Don't fail to insist, while your children are still schoolboys and schoolgirls, upon orderly habits in the home, and certain hours for certain duties. As a result of this method the good housewife and thoughtful husband may bloom forth later.

Don't fail to make your smile your children's last memory as they depart for school. A ruffled spirit as a sendoff puts the time out of joint for the entire day.

Don't treat your son and daughter at twenty as you would have treated them at twelve. Remember that they are now a man and a woman.

Don't forget that you are, or ought to be, your children's ideal of all that is perfection, and that it is your duty to live up to their ideals in every possible way. And is there any self-accusation so deep as that the mother feels when she hears her little daughter pray, "Dear God, make me to grow up to be just as good as my mamma?"—Gabrielle E. Jackson, in "Don'ts for Mothers."

Young People

THE UNTALENTED GIRL.

"It seems too bad that such a girl as Beth should be simply buried alive in a little town like this! Why, with such talents as she has, it does seem as if she ought to be making herself felt in the world!"

Beth's friend, Alice, spoke with girlish enthusiasm and unbounded loyal admiration. "Just think of her music, to begin with—dear me! Wouldn't I feel too happy for words if I could play and sing as she does? You'd think that was talent enough for one girl's share, but that isn't half what she has! Her essays at school were so fine we always said she had a future before her in that way—some time she'd be making herself famous as a writer. And, as if that wasn't enough, what must she do but have a real marked talent for sketching and painting, too! Why, Aunt Minnie, when our class went to the Zoo and we tried drawing some of the animals from life, hers were so far ahead of the rest of us—well, you wouldn't look at ours on the same day with hers. She's really the brightest girl I know."

"She's a remarkably gifted girl, I haven't a doubt," smiled Aunt Minnie; "but I know another girl who isn't excelled by anybody in one way at least, and that is a generous feeling for her friends. I believe you are as proud of her talents as if they were every one your own."

"I'm so clumsy and commonplace beside her!" Alice snuggled up a little closer to her aunt. "I haven't a talent in the world, positively I haven't."

But Aunt Minnie smiled as she put her arm around the girlish form. "I'm not so sure of that," she said.

"Allie, Allie!" It was her brother, Gordon, calling in stentorian tones through the hall.

"Oh, Gordon dear, don't wake mamma!" Alice went toward him hurriedly. "I just persuaded her to lie down for a little while—she was up so much in the night with Benny! But I don't believe you've wakened her," she added, reassuringly.

"Say, Alice!" Gordon's voice was dropped now to a stage whisper, which gradually waxed louder and more emphatic as he proceeded. Alice rose to shut the door, but so quietly that he hardly noticed the motion. "Do you know I can't get anybody to play the tunes for us for Friday night—those glees, you know, we thought we'd have at our entertainment? It does seem as if folks ought to help us out when we've worked so hard to get it up, but we've asked everybody we know who's any good at music, and they all have an excuse ready. So I told the boys I guessed I'd count on you, at a pinch."

And Alice carefully suppressed a smile, Gordon spoke so ingenuously and with so little notion of the unconscious slight offered her musical powers.

"Why, of course you can, Gordon," she said. "I'll do the best I can, anyway. Let's see—how much time is there before you boys give your entertainment? Just a week?"

"Yes; you see, we thought we could surely get somebody else, or we'd have given you more time. I expect you'll have to do some practicing, won't you? —seeing you can't read much 'at sight,' if that's what you call it."

Aunt Minnie's arm rested with involuntary tenderness on her "untalented" niece's shoulders, as she looked into the sweet, self-forgetful face.

"Oh, and say, Alice!" Gordon went on, eagerly, "we find it's going to cost like everything to get our printing done. I don't see how we're going to have a cent left for posters. It'll swallow up the profits like everything to get the tickets printed and that 'ad' in the paper. We thought Beth Anderson would probably help us out. I tell you, she knows how to make beauty posters! But she wasn't any more ready to

bother with that than she was with the music. I suppose she thinks it isn't worth while to put herself out for such an affair as we're getting up, but she might do it, seeing her own brother so interested. He felt real cut up about it. He'd been bragging about what a lot of talent she had, and she refused as cooly as you please. 'Really hadn't time!' Well, all the artistic girls we know 'didn't have time' to bother with it. I told the fellows perhaps you'd try to get up something for us. Do you suppose you could, Alice, even if it isn't anything very fine and fancy?"

"Well, I'll do my best, Gordon, if you'll give me some idea of what you want. You know drawing's not my strong point. In fact, I'm afraid I haven't any 'strong points.' It's funny, but that's just what I was saying to auntie before you came in"

Gordon looked at her with a sudden accession of personal, brotherly interest.

"Well, I'll tell you what I think," he said. "I'd rather take my chances with you than any girl I know. A fellow always knows where to find you, and that's —that's—"

He did not finish his sentence. He was rummaging among his pockets for some paper he wanted to show Alice—some boyish outline of what his notions were for the "poster."

But aunt Minnie took up his unfinished sentence. "That's as beautiful a talent in itself as a girl can have, and as rare a one." she said. "And it makes the possessor of it a most delightful person to live with.

"Why auntie!" said Alice. But a little pink flush of pleasure rose in her face as it bent over Gordon's outline.—The Girl's Companion.

A PROBLEM.

I know a boy who didn't believe in fairies, 'cause he said
He never saw one anywhere except in books he'd read;
And then I ast him if he'd seen the coast of Afrikee
Except when he was studyin' his book on joggraphy?
I ast him if he'd ever seen old Greenland's icy cap
Except when he was lookin' for the North Pole on the map?
I ast him if he'd ever seen great Gen'ral Washin'ton
Except in books that told him what G. W. had done?
And when I got through asking him more questions similar
He said he "thought 'twas goin' to rain," and ran home to his Mar.

—By John Kendrick Bangs in the Housekeeper.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled.

But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played on the heath one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away;

And her arms trodden off by the cows, dears;
And her hair was not the least bit curled;
Yet, for old time's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

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